THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 7, 1809.

Account of a Republic of Revolted Slaves, which existed for about Sixty Years in Brazil.

[Taken from the " American Portugueza, Livro Ottavo."]

IN the confusion incident upon the attack and conquest of the fertile province of Pernambucco by the Dutch, in 1630, a number of slaves, either emancipated by the death of their masters in the warfare then raging, or availing of the general disorder that prevailed, determined upon seeking in the forests and mountains of the interior of Brazil an asylum for that freedom which they had resolved to cherish. Encouraged, no doubt, also by the successful establishment and depredations of the Paulists, who, about that time, under the denomination of Mamelukes, had become famous throughout Paraguay and Brazil, they hoped to found a similar community, and to emulate the valour, the plunder, and the renown of that celebrated republic of banditti.

The number of these self-emancipated slaves was, in the first instance, about forty, chiefly belonging to the city of Olinda, who, provided with a few fire arms and other weapons, retired into the woods in a western direction from Porto Calvo, situated in about nine degrees of south latitude. They were soon joined by other negroes, by a considerable number of mulattoes, and by a few creole renegadoes and Brazilians. A town was rapidly built, to which the name of Palmares was given, from the abundance of cocoa-nut palms on the spot, the natural plantations of which were enlarged and improved by the new settlers, part of whom inhabited the town, whilst

the rest were dispersed over the most fertile spots in the vicinity, where they began to practise the peaceful arts of agriculture.

The recesses they inhabited skirted the rich and best cultivated districts of Pernambucco; and a successful and extensive enterprise was undertaken not only into that of Alagoas, the nearest adjacent district, but over a much wider extent of country. It seems probable that considerable bloodshed must have taken place in this excursion, yet it is remarkable that in the account whence these particulars have been taken, it is only by implication that even any resistance on the part of the planters can be inferred, who were, no doubt, unprepared and overwhelmed by the sudden and unexpected attack. The assailants returned to Palmares in triumph, carrying with them the future mothers of their rising republic, together with the most valuable and portable effects that fell in their way during this irruption.

Thus early initiated into the attractions of a predatory life, they soon gave way to the lust of rapine, and in succeeding and repeated similar expeditions (similar as far as plunder was their object, for we are not told of any further rapes) they became formidable and apparently irresistible to their Portuguese neighbours. These soon preferred to submit to a species of tribute, and, in return for the forbearance from outrage upon their individual possessions, privately furnished their enemies with fire-arms, ammunition, and other European articles of necessity; nay, whenever a plundering party returned with the spoils in gold or silver of the more distant colonists, these ready tributaries of the banditti would sell them an increased supply of the commodities they wanted for the precious metals which could be of no use to them.

The lapse of a few years beheld a nation rising from this almost Roman commencement; and they adopted a national denomination from the name of their town, calling themselves Palmarese. Lawless and unrestrained as their fierce equality was, they soon experienced the unabating confusion which cannot but prevail in every community or gregarious association without laws or without a head.

They began the edifice of their political constitution by the election of a chief, whom they styled Zombi the powerful, a title probably given in consequence of the personal strength and prowess of their first prince. This dignity was to last for the life of the chosen ruler, and the succeeding Zombi of this rustic republic was to be elected by the general voice from amongst the bravest and the most experienced members of the state. Inferior magistrates were next appointed, and various laws and regulations instituted. All who were capable of bearing arms were constituted permanent soldiers of a commonwealth

wealth whose patrimony was plunder and whose essence was military strength. Nor was an established religion omitted; Christianity was declared to be the creed of the Palmarese; but, says the Portuguese author, most sacrilegiously defaced, being deprived of the sacrament of ordination, and of the holy vestments and venerated ceremonies of the apostolic church, to the eternal damnation of their miserable souls.

All this was, however, the work of time; and, during this progress of political improvement, the population rapidly increased, and the cultivation of the country they inhabited proceeded in proportion. Various villages were formed, but, apprehending the attack of the Portuguese, they chose an elevated situation for each assemblage of habitations, and surrounded them with rude and rustic fortifications. The scite of Palmares, the capital, had been chosen with a view to security, and included within the area of its outer walls, now three miles in circumference, a lofty mount commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country, and one side of which was a perpendicular precipice. The walls consisted of a double row of immense logs, hewn out of the largest trees to be found in the primeval woods that surrounded them, these were squared and piled upon each other to a considerable height, and firmly bound together by uprights and girders. Three entrances were left with booms of massy timber for gates, and a platform over each sufficiently capacious to receive 200 men, and that number of chosen soldiers, with an experienced leader, formed the constant guard at each gateway.

The dwellings within this formidable entrenchment were irregularly dispersed, and a large share of the ground in the interior was cultivated. A small lake, abounding with fish, with a rivulet running through it, was included in the inclosure, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The palace of the Zombi was very large and rudely magnificent, according to their ideas, whilst the houses of other individuals approached it in extent and decoration. The entire population amounted to upwards of twenty thousand.* The prosperity of the nation rose with their numbers; both formidable in appearance and powerful in fact, their extended depredations, and, when provoked, their destructive vengeance, diffused equal alarm with those of the Paulists or Mamelukes of St. Vincent's, the trototypes of their society.

* It is dubious whether the population of Palmares alone is here meant, or the aggregate number of the Palmarese. The latter seem the most probable, as so considerable a population, although the walls were three miles in circumference, could not, a large share of the interior ground being cultivated, be contained within the town.

In the course of time, apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the European colonies on the coast, and after continuing for sixty years unmolested in their retreats, and unresisted in their encroachments, after seeing the third generation of warrior banditti arise amongst them, they became so seriously the object of alarm to the now re-established and re-invigorated viceregal government of Brazil, that, in 1696, decisive measures were resorted to for their subjugation.

Don Cayetano Mello, the governor of Pernambucco, concerted a plan for this purpose with Don Juan de Lancastro, the captain-general of Bahia; the former assembled three thousand regulars, and the latter sent one thousand more. These troops rendezvoused at an appointed place, and, together with a body of Indians, and some volunteers, formed a well-appointed army of six thousand men, provided with every necessary for military operations, excepting artillery, which it was not supposed could be required in the irregular warfare in which they were about to engage; for the existence of so large and so strong a fortification as that which surrounded the town of Palmares was unknown to the Portuguese, who looked upon the enemies they were going to encounter as a wandering tribe of savage insurgents, instead of, as they found them, a regularly constituted community, with a capital city and dependent towns.

The Palmarese were early apprised of the intended attack; they rallied round their chief, who collected all his resources at Palmares, called in the inhabitants of the villages, and caused the country around to be desolated, the paths and defiles to be torn up, and every obstacle placed in the way of the invading army which the nature of the country admitted. After a fatiguing march, the Portuguese at length arrived before the walls of the chief town, and beheld with astonishment, not unmixed with dismay, the massy firmness of the formidable entrenchment which surrounded it, the martial appearance of the soldiers who garrisoned it, and the vigorous preparations every where made for determined resistance. Before the Portuguese had recovered from their surprise at finding a city where they expected a den, and bulwarks where they looked for open huts, the Zombi made a vigorous and rapid sally with a large body of his men, engaging the Portuguese with great valour, driving them back with considerable loss, and re-entering his fortification with triumph. From this partial discomfiture, however, the invaders soon recovered, and, advancing with more caution, formally and completely invested the place.

The siege lasted a considerable time. All attempts to cut through the massy and impenetrable bulwark were unavailing. Escalades were equally unsuccessful, for the besieged who manned

manned the battlements of the wall with unabated valour and vigilance repulsed every attack, and kept up a destructive fire upon the assailants. Unfortunately the Palmarese had but a very insufficient supply of powder; but this, instead of shaking the constancy of their resistance, served but to increase the ardour and ingenuity with which they sought for substitutes of defensive warfare. Darts, arrows, stones of immense size, were hurled from the battlements, and boiling water was successfully used in repelling several of the attacks attempted by scaling.

This determined resistance, and the great numbers of killed and wounded amongst the Portuguese, abated their ardour; and, from the desolation of the surrounding country, the necessary supplies of food and refreshment began to fail. Murmurs arose amongst the soldiery, and it became evident that, without a reinforcement of troops, a supply of provisions, and above all, without the assistance of artillery, their enterprise must be abandoned. Dispatches were sent off to the governor of Pernambucco, urging these necessary supplies; and in the mean time their annoyance of the besieged was relaxed and their attacks suspended.

The Palmarese, perceiving this suspension of operations on the part of their besiegers, began to entertain hopes that they were preparing to retire altogether. These expectations were indeed necessary to encourage them to further exertions, for not only was their stock of powder wholly consumed, but they began also to experience the distresses of famine; by far the majority of all their nation having retired into the entrenchments with their women and children. Yet they endured all with the determined spirit of freemen, in daily expectation of enjoying their pristine liberty, their unrestrained and predatory life, or their rural and domestic happiness. Their hopes, however, were too soon crushed by the arrival of a detachment of troops, which, with much difficulty, had been sent to the assistance of the besiegers from Pernambucco, with provisions and with artillery. From the summit of their central eminence the Palmarese beheld these opportune supplies arrive by two different roads, and when they viewed the heavy guns, the fresh troops and long train of convoyed waggons, they felt their ruin was inevitable, and lost, with their hopes, the spirit which had hitherto upheld them in the midst of their hardships and privations.

A breach was made by the cannon near one of the entrances, and in a general storm which succeeded, that and the adjoining gateway were forced, and the Portuguese entered the place. The resistance of the inhabitants had been comparatively weak, for they felt that it would not be effectual. They rallied for a moment within, and sustained one violent shock of the attacking

attacking army, but at the second they gave way. The Zombi, with the greater part of his warlike companions, retreated to the interior mount, where they defended themselves for some time with determined resolution; but, at length, despairing but unconquered, those who survived the lot of war, rather than fall into the hands of the Portuguese, threw themselves from the precipice with their Zombi, devoting themselves thus to liberty even in death.

Vengeance was thus disappointed, but the object of the invaders was completed, and this formidable haunt of a nation of robbers was destroyed. The wounded, the aged, the women, and the children, together with the accumulation of much spoil, including a considerable quantity of gold and silver, were the trophies of the success of the Portuguese on their return to Pernambucco. The captives were mostly sold for slaves at Olinda; but the wounded warriors, after they were cured, and a few men, were sent to Bahia, Rio Janeiro, and other distant parts of the coast of Brazil for sale; and the Portuguese thus succeeded in rooting out and dispersing this dangerous community, which had so long been the terror and the scourge of their interior settlements in that part of the country.

The Speech of Lord Erskine, in the House of Peers, on the second Reading of the Bill for preventing malicious and wanton Cruelty to Animals.

(Continued from Page 608.)

FOR my own part, my lords, I can say with the greatest sincerity to your lordships, that nothing has ever excited in my mind greater disgust, than to observe what we all of us are obliged to see every day in our lives, horses panting—what do I say! literally dying under the scourge; when, on looking into the chaises, we see them carrying to and from London men and women, to whom, or to others, it can be of no possible signification whether they arrive one day sooner or later, and sometimes indeed whether they ever arrive at all. More than half the post-horses that die from abuse in harness, are killed by people, who, but for the mischief I am complaining of, would fall into the class described by Mr. Sterne, of simple or harmless travellers, galloping over our roads for neither good nor evil, but to fill up the dreary blank in unoccupied life. I can see no reason why all such travellers should not endeavour to overcome the *ennui* of their lives, without killing poor animals, more innocent and more useful than themselves. To speak gravely, my lords, I maintain, that human idleness

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ought not to be permitted, by the laws of enlightened man, to tax for nothing, beyond the powers which God has given them, the animals which his benevolence has created for our assistance.

But another abuse exists, not less frequent, and much more shocking, because committed under the deliberate calculation of intolerable avarice. I allude to the practice of buying up horses, when past their strength, from old age or disease, upon the computation (I mean to speak literally) of how many days torture and oppression they are capable of living under, so as to return a profit with the addition of the flesh and skin, when brought to one of the numerous houses appropriated for the slaughter of horses. If this practice only extended to carrying on the fair work of horses to the very latest period of labour, instead of destroying them when old or disabled, I should approve, instead of condemning it. But it is most notorious, that with the value of such animals, all care of them is generally at an end, and you see them (I speak literally, and of a systematic abuse) sinking and dying under loads, which no man living would have set the same horse to when in the meridian of his strength and youth.

This horrid abuse, my lords, which appears at first view to be incapable of aggravation, is nevertheless most shockingly aggravated, when the period arrives at which one would think cruelty must necessarily cease, when exhausted nature is ready to bestow the deliverance of death. But even then a new and most atrocious system of torture commences, of which, my lords, I could myself be a witness in your committee, as it was proved to my own perfect satisfaction, and that of my friend Mr. Jekyll, upon the information of a worthy magistrate, who called our attention to the abuse. But, perhaps, my lords, I shall better describe it, as it will at the same time afford an additional proof of these hideous practices, and of their existence at this hour, by reading a letter which I received but two days ago, the facts of which I am ready to bring in proof before your lordships.

Here Lord Erskine read an extract from a letter, which stated—

"A very general practice of buying up horses still alive, but not capable of being even further abused by any kind of labour. These horses, it appeared, were carried in great numbers to slaughter-houses, but not killed at once for their flesh and skins, but left without sustenance, and literally starved to death, that the market might be gradually fed; the poor animals, in the mean time, being reduced to eat their own dung, and frequently gnawing one another's manes in the agonies of hunger."

Can there be a doubt, my lords, that all such shocking practices should be considered and punished as misdemeanors? Here again it may be said that the bill, in this part of it, will invest magistrates with a novel and dangerous discretion. I am not yet arrived at that part of the case, though I am fast approaching it; when I do, I pledge myself without fear to maintain the contrary, to the satisfaction of every one of your lordships, more especially including the learned lords of the house. No less frequent and wicked an abuse, is the manifest overloading of carriages and animals of burthen, particularly asses; and as far as this poor animal is unjustly considered an emblem of stupidity, the owners who thus oppress him are the greater asses of the two. The same may be said of keeping animals without adequate food to support their strength, or even their existence—this frequently happens to beasts impounded for trespasses; I have had complaints of this abuse from all parts of the country. The notice to the owner is seldom served, and thus the poor innocent animal is left to starve in the pound. As far as an animal is considered merely as property, this may be all very well, and the owner must find him out at his peril; but when the animal is looked to upon the principle of this bill, the impounder ought to feed him, and charge it to the owner as part of the damages.

Only one other offence remains, which I think it necessary to advert to, which it is difficult sufficiently to expose and stigmatize, from the impudence with which it is every day committed; as if the perpetrators of this kind of wickedness were engaged in something extremely entertaining and innocent, if not meritorious. I allude to those extravagant bets for trying the strength and indurance of horses; not those animating races, properly so called, which the horse really enjoys, and which, though undoubtedly attended with collateral evils, has tended greatly to improve the breed of that noble and useful animal. The contests which I consider as wilful and wanton cruelty, are of a different kind; I maintain, that no man, without being guilty of that great crime, can put it upon the uncertain and mercenary die, whether in races against time—no—not properly so called, but rather journeys of great distances within limited periods, the exertions shall very far exceed the ordinary power which nature has bestowed on the unhappy creature, thus wickedly and inhumanly perverted from the benevolent purposes of their existence.

All the observations I have just been making to your lordships, undoubtedly apply to the maliciously tormenting any animal whatsoever, more especially animals which we have voluntarily reclaimed and domesticated; and yet I fairly own to your lordships, that as the bill was originally drawn, and as it stood until a few days ago, it would not have reached many

shameful and degrading practices. The truth is, that I was afraid to run too rapidly and directly against prejudices. But, on conversing with very enlightened and learned men, I took courage in my own original intention, and introduced the concluding clause, which compreheuded the wickedly and wantonly tormenting any reclaimed animal; the effect of which in practice I will explain hereafter, when I come to shew the practicability of executing the law without trespassing upon the just rights and privileges of mankind. If your lordships, however, shall ultimately differ from me in this part of the subject, you can strike out this clause in the committee. I have purposely kept it quite distinct and separate from the rest of the bill, as I originally framed it, being resolved to carry an easy sail at first, for fear of oversetting my vessel in a new and dangerous navigation.

I now come, my lords, to the second part of the case, which will occupy but a small portion of your lordship's time, on which I am afraid I have trespassed but too long already.—*(Hear! hear! hear!)*

Supposing, now, your lordships to be desirous of subscribing to the principles I have opened to you, and to feel the propriety of endeavouring to prevent, as far as possible, the inhuman cruelties practised upon animals, so general and so notorious, as to render a more particular statement of them as unnecessary as it would have been disgusting; the main question will then arise, viz.—how the jurisdiction erected by this bill, if it shall pass into a law, may be executed by courts and magistrates, without investing them with a new and arbitrary discretion.

My lords, I feel the great importance of this consideration, and I have no desire to shrink from it; on the contrary, I invite your lordships to the closest investigation of it, and for that purpose I will myself anticipate every possible objection of that description, and give your lordships, in a very few words, the most decisive answers to them.

How, it may be first asked, are magistrates to distinguish between the justifiable labours of the animal, which from man's necessities are often most fatiguing, and apparently excessive, and that real excess which the bill seeks to punish as wilful, wicked, and wanton cruelty? How are they to distinguish between the blows which are necessary, when beasts of labour are lazy or refractory, or even blows of sudden passion and temper, from deliberate, cold-blooded, ferocious cruelty, which we see practised every day we live, and which has a tendency, as the preamble recites, to harden the heart against all the impulses of humanity?

How, in the same manner, are they to distinguish between the fatigues and sufferings of beasts for slaughter, in their melancholy

lancholy journeys to death in our markets, from unnecessary, and therefore barbarous, aggravations of them?

Here, my lords, I am at home; here I know my course so completely, that I can scarcely err. I am no speculator upon the effect of the law which I propose to you, as the wisest legislators must often be, who are not practically acquainted with the administration of justice. Having passed my life in our courts of law when filled with the greatest judges, and with the ablest advocates, who from time to time have since added to their number, I know with the utmost precision, the effect of it in practice, and I pledge myself to your lordships, that the execution of the bill, if it passes into law, will be found to be most simple and easy; raising up no new principles of law, and giving to courts no larger discretion, nor more difficult subjects for judgment, than they are in the constant course of exercising.

First of all, my lords, the law I propose to your lordships is not likely to be attended with abuse in prosecution; a very great, but, I am afraid, an incurable evil in the penal code. I stimulate no mercenary informers, which I admit often to be necessary to give effect to criminal justice; I place the lower world entirely under the genuine, unbought sympathies of man.

No one is likely to prosecute by indictment, or to carry a person before a magistrate, without probable, or rather without obvious and flagrant cause, when he can derive no personal benefit from the prosecution, nor carry it on without trouble and expence. The law is, therefore, more open to the charge of inefficacy than of vexation.

It can indeed have no operation, except when compassionate men (and I trust they will become more numerous from the moral sense which this bill is calculated to awaken) shall set the law in motion against manifest and disgusting offenders, to deliver themselves from the pain and horror which the immediate view of wilful and wanton cruelty is capable of exciting, or is rather sure to excite, in a generous nature.

What possible difficulty then can be imposed upon the magistrate, who has only to judge upon hearing, from his own humane feelings, what such disinterested informers have judged of from having seen and felt. The task is surely most easy, and by no means novel. Indeed, the whole administration of law, in many analagous cases, consists in nothing else but in discriminations, generally more difficult in cases of personal wrongs.

Cruelty to an apprentice, by beating, or over-labour, is judged of daily upon the very principle which this bill will bring into action in the case of an oppressed animal.

(To be concluded in our next.)

JOHN

JOHN DE LANCASTER *and* AMELIA JONES,

A TALE.

(Continued from Page 604.)

THE person who most interested himself in the education of our hero was his grandfather, Robert de Lancaster, and by him it was determined that John de Lancaster should be placed under the care of the Rev. Edward Wilson, a son of Colonel Wilson, at Kray Castle. To this young gentleman Robert de Lancaster had given a living, which, by the death of the former incumbent, had fallen into his gift a little time before Mr. Wilson came to be a resident in his family. Mr. Edward Wilson was extremely assiduous in his endeavours to improve the mind of John de Lancaster, and our readers will hereafter find that his endeavours were attended with the desired success.

It is now time to introduce to notice Amelia Jones, who was the only child of Captain Jones, for whom the mother of John de Lancaster had formed an affection early in life, which was, on his part, returned with equal ardour, though his want of fortune, and her obedience to the commands of her father, prevented their ever being united. Soon after Matilda Morgan was married to Philip de Lancaster, Captain Jones went to the West Indies, to join his regiment; and in that inhospitable climate he married a very amiable lady of the name of Parsons, the daughter of an officer who, like himself, was possessed of but little property. To the wife of Captain Jones disease soon proved fatal, and her infant daughter was sent to England by the captain, to be placed under the care of her kind friend and relation, Mrs. Jennings, who resided at Denbigh.

By the death of Captain Jones, which soon followed that of his wife, Amelia Jones was left an orphan, in circumstances not a little inauspicious. Mrs. Jennings, however, was extremely attentive to Miss Jones, and cultivated her naturally good understanding with every possible care. An accident, of rather a singular nature, occasioned the first interview between the two young persons. The following are the particulars:—

It happened one day, when John de Lancaster was sitting by the side of David Williams, the old blind minstrel, and sympathizing with him on his loss of sight, that he was solicited for his charity by a worn-out soldier, who had fallen sick upon his way, and had been admitted into the house by the servants for the purpose of relieving him in his distress. John lifted up the shade from off his eyes, to look at him, and the melancholy spectacle, which, through the misty medium of his

feeble optics, he imperfectly discerned, struck so hard upon his feeling heart, that he suffered the very keenest pang that pity could inflict. Food, clothes, medicine, bed, every thing that could relieve a suffering fellow-creature at the point to die, was immediately to be prepared. The soldier's tale was short, for in the history of his sufferings there was a mournful uniformity; wounds and hard service in unhealthy climates had made him old in the mid-stage of life—poverty and privation had depressed his hardy vigour—and sickness, consequencial of those evils, had at length broken down a gallant spirit, which, under these accumulated visitations, could no longer struggle with its destiny.

John heard this sad recital of his woe with sympathizing tears, and turning to the servants, said—

"Take notice; my grandfather, your master, has charity in his heart, and will not suffer this poor man to perish through the want of any thing that he can give. Let him therefore want for nothing; when you have given him what he ought to have, take him to a well-aired bed in a comfortable room, and send for Mr. Llewyllen to attend upon him. I'll answer for my orders."

The soldier, overpowered with gratitude, only murmured out his thanks; blind David sung out loudly—"Heaven reward thee, my sweet child! Thou art a true De Lancaster!"

Next morning, when the sun had risen, and old Robert de Lancaster was attended upon, as usual, by David Williams, he enquired after the sick soldier, which he understood had been taken into the house by the order of his grand-son John. This drew from Williams a recital, much more circumstantial, than had yet been made to him of that event.

When the story of the soldier had been heard by Mr. Philip de Lancaster, he coolly observed, that it was a trick to extort money; he would not take the soldier's word for a farthing, and did not believe young Owen capable of any thing cruel or uncharitable.

When it was related to Cecilia, she threw her arms about the neck of the benevolent boy, pressed him to her bosom, and prayed Heaven to preserve him from the malice of that spiteful imp, whose evil-boding visage haunted her both day and night.

When the mother of John was informed of the circumstance, and understood that the man who laid sick in the house was a soldier, she sent Betty Wood to enquire of him what regiment he belonged to, and when answer was brought that he was an invalided from the 15th foot in the West Indies, and private in the company of the late Captain John Jones, whom he should ever bewail as the kindest master and the best of friends, it seemed as if the fountain of her tears was never

to be exhausted. An irresistible desire possessed her to see the man, and, after certain preparatory manœuvres, conducted by faithful Betty, she actually carried her resolution into effect, and entered the chamber of the soldier, planting Betty at the door to prevent interruption. As he had been selected from the ranks by Captain Jones, as his domestic servant, he had many anecdotes to relate, highly interesting to the hearer, and very honourable to his late master; he spoke also warmly in the praise of his deceased lady, and in raptures of his dear little Amelia, with whom it seems he had come over to England in the packet, and, after many adventures and misfortunes, was on his way to visit her at Denbigh, when sickness overtook and reduced him to the condition, in which the charity of her angel son had found him.

He was now exhausted, and Mrs. De Lancaster forebore to press upon him any more enquiries; she bade him be assured that he should never want; she would pension him for life; she would settle him at Glen-Morgan, in the neighbourhood of Denbigh, and, if ever she became possessed of that estate, he should be taken into her house, and pass the remainder of his days in ease and competency.

"Alas, good lady," feebly he replied, "I have but few more days on this side the grave, and them I must employ in asking mercy of my God, and imploring blessings on your son, who has been to me as an angel before death."

This said, she left him, and retired unseen to her chamber. John was soon after heard, as usual, at her door, and admitted.

"Come to my arms," she cried, "my dear, my noble boy! Did you but know how I feel and why I feel your charity to that poor soldier, you would not wonder at the tears I shed, whilst thus I press you to a breaking heart. But you will know me after I am dead, and that time is not far off. Leave me, my child; I shall not often send for you; my sorrows must be only to myself. Go, go, be happy! I am very ill. Send Wood, and leave the room."

In the forenoon of the day next ensuing, young John de Lancaster visited the poor soldier; he was dying, but found strength to say—

"God bless you, and farewell! Had I been relieved when I begged charity of that neighbouring gentleman [Owen], who turned me from his door, I think I might have lived, but I fainted soon after, and all your goodness could not save me."

He then reached out his hand, and delivered to John a small leathern purse, which he prayed him to open. It contained a plain gold ring, which Captain Jones had given him in charge for his daughter Amelia, being the wedding ring of her mother. Could he have reached Denbigh, he had delivered it to her. He had been strongly beset by hunger more than once,

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but he had resisted every impulse to part from it, and had fulfilled his trust at the expence of his life. He now committed the deposit to the care of one who he was sure would faithfully convey the legacy to its proper owner, and he devoutly prayed to Heaven, that it might prove a blessing to the wearer. John took the ring, and assured him it should never pass from any other hands but his into those of Amelia Jones.

In the evening of that day the soldier died.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Sketch of that celebrated Master of Music, Haydn.

JOSEPH HAYDN, maestro di capella to his serene highness Prince Esterhasi, was born at Rhorau, in Lower Austria, in 1733. His father, a wheelwright by trade, played upon the harp, without the least knowledge of music, which, however, excited the attention of his son, and first gave birth to his passion for music. In his early childhood he used to sing to his father's harp the simple tunes which he was able to play, and being sent to a small school in the neighbourhood, he there began to learn music regularly; after which he was placed under Reuter, maestro di capella of the cathedral at Vienna; and, having a voice of great compass, was received into the choir, where he was well taught, not only to sing, but to play on the harpsichord and violin.

At the age of eighteen, on the breaking of his voice, he was dismissed from the cathedral. After this, he supported himself during eight years as well as he could by his talents, and began to study more seriously than ever. In 1759, he was received into the service of Count Marzin, as director to his music; whence, in 1761, he passed to the palace of Prince Esterhasi, to whose service he has been constantly attached ever since.

Besides his numerous pieces for instruments, he has composed many operas for the Esterhasi theatre, and church music that has established his reputation as a deep contrapuntist. His Stabat Mater has been performed and printed in England, and his oratorio of the Creation; his oratorio of Il Ritorno di Tobia, composed in 1775, for the benefit of the widows of musicians, has been annually performed at Vienna since, and is as high in favour there as Handel's Messiah in England. His instrumental Passione, in parts, is among his most exquisite productions. It entirely consists of slow movements, on the subject of the last seven sentences of our Saviour, as recorded in the evangelists. These strains are so truly impassioned and full of heart-felt grief and dignified sorrow, that, though

though the movements are all slow, the subjects, keys, and effects, are so new and so different, that a real lover of music will feel no lassitude, nor wish for lighter strains to stimulate attention.

His innumerable symphonies, quartets, and other instrumental pieces, which are so original and so difficult, have the advantage of being rehearsed and performed at Esterhasi, under his own direction, by a band of his own forming, who have apartments in the palace, and practise, from morning to night, in the same room, according to Fischer's account, like the students in the conservatorios of Naples. Ideas, so new and so varied, were not at first so universally admired in Germany, as at present. The critics in the northern parts of the empire were up in arms, condemning him for his eccentricities, and want of adherence to established rules; but this is a censure which the admirable Haydn long since silenced; for he is as much respected by professors for his science, as invention. Indeed, his compositions are in general so new to the player and hearer, that they are equally unable, at first, to keep pace with his inspiration.

Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, observes that "from the productions of the admirable and matchless Haydn, he has received more pleasure, late in his life, when tired of most other music, than he ever received in the most ignorant and rapturous part of his youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased undiminished by criticism or satiety."

The Rev. Mr. Latrobe, in the preface to his Selection of Sacred Music, says, "Haydn is justly considered as the father of music in our day; for though, during his younger years, he diligently studied the works of every great master, ancient and modern, his transcendant genius, soaring above them all; soon called the attention of the whole musical world upon himself; all admiring him for the beauty, boldness, and originality of his works, and afterwards regarding him as the best pattern for study and imitation. Far from being actuated by the impulses of envy, so common among the sons of harmony, I never heard him speak of his numerous imitators, (whose airy productions, more suited to the indolence of some, and to the weak musical capacity of others, seemed even to supplant the original in the public esteem,) without allowing them all the merit which they really possess. To enter into a description of his worth, both as the greatest master of the art, and as a private character, would exceed my ability."

Haydn died at Gumpendorf, near Vienna, at the age of 76, on the 31st of May last.

THIEF *in a* CANDLE.

MR. WILLIAM HUMPHRIES gives the account subjoined of this well-known appearance:—

"As the following common phenomenon is almost continually presenting itself to observation during our social evenings in winter, I shall attempt, for the amusement of the female part of your readers, a solution of the same. It is well known that a small knot of cotton, or as it is more commonly called, a thief, will occasion such an increased flux of the tallow, as to produce a deep guttering in a burning candle; and it is not less certain that a slip of paper, or any other substance of an oblong form, about four or five inches by one, placed horizontally on the top of the candlestick, in an opposite direction, will almost instantly arrest the progress of the said thief, and prevent any subsequent effusion of the tallow.

"But, to form a more correct idea of the cause, perhaps it may be necessary to remark, that the air, being a fluid, will operate equally on every part of the candle, and that it no sooner comes in contact with a more rarified air than the equilibrium is destroyed, and a current ensues; hence it is that the thief exciting a greater absorption of the tallow to take place, the heat is increased on that side of the candle; consequently the adjacent air becomes more rarified, and recedes from the impulse of the heavier air, which rushes in from the opposite side to occupy the vacuum, and thereby preserves the equilibrium; and thus the current is obtained, which will continue in motion 'till the slip of paper, placed on the contrary side, opposes its progress upwards, by preventing a greater admission of the surrounding air than is sufficient to restore the equilibrium."

DEVIL TAVERN, LONDON.

NEAR Temple Bar stood, 'till within these few years, the Devil Tavern; so called from its sign of St. Dunstan seizing the evil spirit by the nose with a pair of hot tongs. Ben Jonson has immortalized it by his Leges Conviviales, which he wrote for the regulation of a club of wits held there in a room he dedicated to Apollo, over the chimney-piece of which they were preserved. The tavern was in his days kept by Simon Wadloe; whom, in a copy of verses over the door of the Apollo, he dignified with the title of king of shinkers. It was purchased by Child's banking-house, and other buildings have been erected on the scite.

BON MOT.

SOME years since Lord Evelyn Stuart, son of the earl, afterwards marquis of Bute, and an officer of the guards, wore long mustachios, and appeared thus in the house of commons, of which he was a member. One day Mr. C————y thus addressed him: "My lord, now the war is over, won't you put your mustachios on the *peace establishment?*" "I do not exactly know whether I shall do that," replied his lordship, "but I would advise you to put your tongue upon the *civil list.*"

SILK-SHOPS.

WE learn from Stowe, the historian, that until the 10th or 12th year of Queen Elizabeth, there were but few silk-shops in London, and those kept only by women, not by men as they now are; and at that time there was not so much silk in all the silk-shops, or so many sorts of gold or silver thread and lace, as are now to be found in several particular shops in Cheapside and other places. At which time abovementioned, and for three or four years afterwards, the citizen's wives in general were constrained to wear knit caps of woollen yarn, unless their husbands were possessed of great value in the queen's books, or proved themselves gentlemen by descent. And at that time ceased the wearing of *minevor* caps (otherwise three-cornered caps), which in former times was the usual head-dress for the ladies and matrons.

PROVISIONS.

ABOUT the year 1130, in England, wheat sufficient for 100 men, for one day, cost one shilling; a sheep four-pence; red wine six-pence, and white eight pence a quart. In 1200, when wheat was six shillings a quarter, the farthing loaf household was to weigh 24 ounces.

There was a remarkable plenty throughout Europe in the year 1280. Wheat was one shilling a quarter. The London prices were as follow: two pullets three halfpence; a partridge or two woodcocks three halfpence; a fat lamb six-pence, from Christmas to Shrovetide, and four-pence the remainder of the year; a fat ox, if fed with corn, 3l. 12s. two dozen eggs three-pence; shorn sheep 5s. the best wine 20s. a ton.

In 1387, wheat being thirteen pence a bushel, this was called a dearth of corn by the historians of that age. Beef and pork were each one halfpenny per pound.

Answer, by R. Loosemoore, of Tiverton, to A. Kyne's Charade, inserted the 12th of June.

WHEN the drowsy DOG-DAYS reign
Languour runs thro' ev'ry vein;
Weary moments seize mankind,
Weak in body and in mind.

‡§‡ Similar answers have been received from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; a sailmaker, of Plymouth; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; Paulus Æmilius; Caroline, near Cerne; C. Caines, at Cerne school; and J. H. Geach, of St. Columb.

Answer, by J. W. of Charmouth, to T. Pearse's Rebus, inserted June 12.

THE PANTHER, Sir, I understand,
Is a rav'nous beast in foreign land.

*** Similar answers have been received from H. B. and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. Kerby, of Helston; W. Kent, near Camelford; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. W. Jones, of North Petherton; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; and J. M. Carveth, near Mevagissey.

A CHARADE, *by an Ami.*

MY first is a creature voracious and fierce,
Quite common in Spain, where woods are not scarce;
My second so frequently courts observation,
That to say 'tis a colour is plain intimation:
I refer for my whole, which, perhaps, you may know,
To the hist'ry of England some ages ago,
And an archbishop's name I conceive it will shew.

A REBUS, *by Vigil, of Shaston.*

MY first on earth supreme in being stands,
All other species, lords, directs, commands;
Most glorious Sol! thy name heraldic lend,
To form my second, and to help a friend:
The pompous baron, with an eager eye,
Surveys my whole, much less content than I.

A REBUS, *by T. K. of Chard.*

A British river first define;
An island in a frigid clime;
The oldest pagan god explore;
An isle much fam'd in days of yore;
What I despise, and wish to shun;
A thing that oft holds two in one;
In brumal months my next pray seek;
Of fowls a large one also pick,
Last take a boat, and on review,
Join those initials quaint and true:
They will produce, before your eyes,
A virtue I most fondly prize.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUMMER.

DRESS'D in the glowing pride of youth,
Who's he that cometh from the south?
High mounted on his flaming car,
Which flings its radiance afar,
Exulting thro' the burning sky,
He rides with strength and majesty;
The splendours of the sun are shed,
In all its glories on his head;
While a gay coronet of roses
His temples and his brow incloses;
And binds the tresses of his hair,
Loose floating on the ambient air;
An azure robe thrown on with grace,
Unclouded as the heaven's high space,
Safe by a golden girdle bound,
In folds majestic falls around;
A dog-star flames in his left hand,
An emblem of his strong command;
And as a sceptre in his right,
Appears the full-blown lily white;
'Tis summer, to whose brilliant glow,
All nature's works submissive bow;
E'en blushing spring makes her retreat,
Scorch'd by the fervour of his heat:

Now beauteous tints the east adorn,
And bring the quick returning morn;
While Sol's faint ray, ascending slow,
Peeps o'er the craggy mountain's brow,
And, strength regaining, drives the mists,
In crowds impetuous from the clifts;
Adown its side the vapours grey
Wing their meandering, devious way;
And winding o'er the extended plain,
Slowly they drag their num'rous train,
'Till blending with the rising steam,
Exhaling from yon bubbling stream,
'Thro' distant vales and woods among,
O'er its pure face they creep along.

'Tis now the mower, wak'd from rest,
Quickly puts on his tatter'd vest,
And shaking slumber from his eyes,
Straight to the verdant meadow hies;
Heaven's breath untainted he inhales,
Deeply he drinks ambrosial gales,
And as his clumsy feet disturb
The dew-drops on the glist'ning herb,
Enliven'd by the lovely dawn,
Smiling he whistles o'er the lawn;
Now tight about his brawny waste,
The belt-supporting bag is plac'd,

From

From which all jocund, gay, and blythe,
He draws the stone, and whets his scythe;
While the hoarse clangour of the sound,
Reverberates the village round;
But hark, from airy regions high,
What heavenly peals of symphony!
'Tis the lark warbling out his notes,
As on th' ethereal tide he floats,
Still mounting upwards tries to raise
A song to his Creator's praise.

See yonder ruddy milk-maid bow
Beneath the ever-useful cow;
How fast her hands alternate move
To draw the liquid from above;
And as the milky streams assail
The sides and bottom of the pail,
Her sprightly, shrill, and chearful voice,
Accompanies the grateful noise;
No dreadful evil she forebodes,
No gnawing grief her breast corrodes,
But free from pain, light-hearted Kitty,
Pours forth aloud her morning ditty.
The bleating sheep, the lowing herds,
"The melody of earliest birds,"
The distant prospect, wild and dim,
The clouds which o'er the welkin skim;
The rustling of the ears of corn,
Bending before the breath of morn;
The trees in richest bloom array'd,
The rattling of the loud cascade,
These charms exalted and refin'd,
Burst forcibly upon the mind;
And every power and passion fill
With extacies ineffable.

Inglorious then the state of those
Who, on a couch of soft repose,
Inactive and indifferent lain,
Indulge in phantoms of the brain;
Wasting in useless dreams away
The milder beauties of the day;
Is then the short, contracted span,
Of fleeting life, allow'd to man,
Too long? and has old time, fatigued,
Forgot his usual rapid speed?
That he, for nobler objects made,
Should thus unto oblivion's shade
Half of his life consign? that he
Should revel thus in lethargy?
Ah no! then, sluggards, rise! awake!
These pleasures exquisite partake.

(To be continued.)

THE OAK.

THE tall oak towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies;
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inur'd to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erthrown at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;
Its former foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.